

THE ILLINOIS FREE TRADER

AND LASALLE COUNTY COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

OUR COUNTRY—HER COMMERCE—AND HER FREE INSTITUTIONS.

VOLUME II.

OTTAWA, ILLINOIS, FRIDAY, AUGUST 13, 1841.

NUMBER 12.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
GEORGE F. WEAVER & JOHN HISE,
La Salle street, one door from the north-west corner
of the Public Square.

TERMS:
Two dollars and fifty cents per annum, if paid in
advance; Three dollars if not paid before the ex-
piration of the first six months; And three dollars
and twenty-five cents if delayed until the end of
the year.

Advertisements inserted at \$1 per square for
the first insertion, and 25 cents for each sub-
sequent insertion. A liberal discount made to
those who advertise by the year.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages
are paid, unless at the option of the editors.
No candidates' names will hereafter be an-
nounced in the Free Trader, unless the sum of
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All communications, to ensure attention, must
be post paid.

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Of every description, executed in the neatest
manner, at the usual prices.

OTTAWA is the seat of justice of La Salle
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THE BACKWOODSMAN.

The silent wilderness for me!
Where never sound is heard,
Save the rustling of the squirrel's foot,
And the flitting wing of bird,
Or its low and interrupted note,
And the drr's quick, crackling tread,
And the swaying of the forest boughs,
As the wind waves overhead.

Alone, (how glorious to be free!)
My good dog at my side,
My rifle hanging at my arm,
I range the forest wide,
And now the regal Buffalo
Across the plains I chase,
Now track the mountain streams to find
The beaver's lurking place.

I stand upon the mountain's top,
And (solitude profound!)
Not e'en a woodman's smoke curls up
Within the horizon's bound.
Below as o'er its ocean breadth
The air's light currents run,
The wilderness of moving leaves,
Is glancing in the sun.

I look around to where the sky
Meets the far forest line,
And this imperial domain—
This kingdom—all is mine.
This bending heaven—these floating clouds—
Waters that ever roll,
And wilderness of glory bring
Their offerings of the soul.

My palace built by God's own hand,
The world's fresh prime hath seen;
Wide stretch its living hills away,
Pillared and roofed with green.
My music is the wind that now
Pours loud its swelling bars,
Now lulls the dying cadences,
My festal lamps are stars.

Though when, in this my lonely home,
My star-watched couch I press,
I hear no fond "good night"—think not
I am companionless.
Oh no! I see my father's house,
The hill, the tree, the stream,
And the looks and voices of my home
Come gently to my dream.

And in the solitary haunts,
While slumbers every tree
In night and silence, God himself
Seems nearer unto me.
I feel his presence in these shades
Like the embracing air;
And as my eyelids close in sleep,
My heart is hushed in prayer.

From the Northern Light.

The Broken Cup.

By HEINRICH ZSCHOKKE.

[Translated from the German, by Mattheu Henry
Webster.]

[Concluded.]

WICKEDNESS UPON WICKEDNESS.

Now had Father Jerome on Sunday,
again preached from the text: "Wonder-
ful are the dispensations of providence."
And little Marietta thought, if providence
would only dispense that I might at length
find out the flower dispenser. Father Je-
rome was never wrong.

On a summer night, when it was far
too warm for rest, Marietta awoke very
early, and could not sleep again. There-
fore she sprang joyously from her couch
as the first streaks of dawn flashed against
the window of her little chamber over the
waves of the sea and the Lermian Isles,
she dressed herself and went out to bathe
in the cool spring, her forehead, breast,
and arms; she took her hat with her, in-
tending to take a walk along the shore of
the sea. She knew too a private place
there for bathing.

But in order to reach this retired spot,
it was necessary to pass over the rocks
behind the house, and thence again down-
wards, through the orange and palm trees.
On this occasion Marietta could not pass
through them. For under the youngest
and most slender of the palms, lay in pro-
found sleep a tall young man—near him
a nosegay of the most splendid flowers.
One could easily see thereon a white pa-
per, from which probably again a sigh was
breathing. How could Marietta pass by
there?

She continued standing, and trembled
with fright in every limb. Then she
would go home again. Hardly had she
retired a couple of steps, ere she looked
again at the sleeper, and remained motion-
less. Yet the distance prevented her
from recognizing his face. Now or never
was the mystery to be solved. She tripped
lightly nearer to the palms. But he
seemed to stir. Now she ran again to-
wards the cottage. Yet had his move-
ments been nothing but the fearful imagi-
nings of Marietta. Now she returned
again on her way towards the palms. But
his sleep might perhaps be only dissem-
bled. Swiftly she ran towards the cot-
tage. But who would flee for a single
perhaps? She trod more boldly the path
towards the palms.

With these fluctuations of her timid and
joyous spirit, between fright and curiosi-
ty, with these to and fro trippings between
the house and the palm trees, she had at
length always by a few short steps more
nearly approached the sleeper, whilst at
the same time curiosity became more
powerful than fear.

"What concern have I with him? My
ways leads me directly past him. Whether
he sleeps or wakes, I go straight on." So
thought Marietta's daughter. But she
passed not by, but remained standing;
for she must look directly in the face of
the flower giver, in order to be sure of the
fact. Besides, he slept as if he had not
slept for a month. And who was it?
Now, who else should it be but the arch
wicked Colin!

So it seems he had been the one, who
first on account of his old enmity had given
the gentle maiden so much annoyance
with the cup, and had brought her into
loathsome contact with Herr Hautmartin;
he had been the one who had teased her
with flowers, in order to torture her curi-
osity. Wherefore? He hated Marietta.
He behaved himself always in all
companies, towards the poor child most
shamefully. He avoided her when he
could; and when he could not, he grieved
the good natured little one. With all
the other maidens of Napoule was he more
chatty, friendly, courteous, than towards
Marietta. Consider, he had never asked
her to dance, and yet she danced bewitch-
ingly.

Now he lay there surprised, taken in
the act. Revenge swelled in Marietta's
bosom. What disgrace could she subject
him to? She took the nosegay, unloosed
it, strewn with just scorn his present
over the sleeper. Only the paper, on
which appeared again the sigh, dear Ma-
rietta, she retained, and thrust quickly in-
to her bosom. She wished for future
need to preserve this proof of his hand-
writing. Marietta was sly. Now she
would go away. But her revenge was
not yet satisfied. She could not leave
the place without punishing Colin's ill
will in a similar manner. She took the
violet colored silken ribbon from her hat,
and threw it lightly around the sleeper's
arm and around the tree, and with three
knots tied Colin fast to the tree. Now,
when he awoke, how astonished would
he be? How would his curiosity torment
him to ascertain who had played him this
trick! That he could not possibly disco-
ver. So much the better; it served him
right.

Marietta had only been too lenient to-
wards him. She seemed to regret her
work when she had finished it. Her bos-
om throbbled impetuously. Indeed, I
believed that a little tear filled her eye,
with which she all too compassionately
gazed upon the guilty one. Slowly she
went back to the orange trees at the rocks
—often she looked around—slowly as-
cended the rocks, often looked down
among the palm trees. Then she hasten-
ed to mother Manon, who was calling
her.

THE HAT RIBBON.

That very day Colin practiced new
mischief. What did he? He wished to
shame poor Marietta publicly. Ah! she
never thought that every one in Napoule
knew her violet colored ribbon! Colin
knew it but too well. Proudly he bound
it round his hat, and exhibited it to the
gaze of all the world as a conquest. And
male and female cried out, "He has re-
covered it from Marietta." And all the
maidens said angrily, "The reprobate."
And all the young men who liked to see
Marietta, cried out, "The reprobate."

"How, mother Manon?" shrieked the
Justice Hautmartin, when he came to her
house, and he shrieked so loudly, that it
re-echoed wonderfully through his whole
nose. "How! do you suffer this? that
my betrothed presents the young proprie-
tor Colin with her hat band? It is high
time that we celebrate our nuptials. If
it is done, then I shall have a right to
speak."

"You have a right!" answered mother
Manon. "If things are so, the marriage
must be forthwith. When that is done,
all is done."

"But, mother Manon, Marietta always
refuses to give me her consent."
"Prepare the marriage feast."

"But she will not even look kindly at
me; and when I seat myself at her side,
the little savage springs up and runs
away."

"Justice, only prepare the marriage
feast."

"But if Marietta resists."

"We will take her by surprise. We
will go to father Jerome on Monday morn-
ing, early and quietly shall he celebrate
the marriage. This we can easily accom-
plish with him. I am her mother. You
the first judicial person in Napoule. He
must obey. Yet Marietta need know no-
thing about it. Early on Monday morn-
ing I will send her to father Jerome all
alone, with a message, so that she will
suspect nothing. Then shall the priest
speak to her heart. Half an hour after-
wards we two will come. Then swiftly
to the altar. And even if Marietta should
then say no, what consequence is it? The
old priest can hear nothing. But till
then, mum to Marietta and all Na-
poule."

So the secret remained with the two.
Marietta dreamed not of the good luck
which was in store for her. She thought
only of Colin's wickedness, which had
made her the common talk of the whole
place. Oh! how she repeated her head-
lessness with her ribbon; and yet in her
heart she forgave the reprobate his crime.
Marietta was far too good. She told her
mother, she told all her playmates, "Colin
has found my lost hat band. I never
gave it to him. Now he wishes to vex
me with it. You all know Colin has al-
ways been ill-disposed with regard to me,
and has always sought how he could mor-
tify me!"

Ah! the poor child! she knew not
what new abomination the malicious tel-
low was again contriving.

THE BROKEN CUP.

Early in the morning went Marietta
to the spring. There were no flowers yet
on the rock. It was still quite too early;
hardly had the sun risen from the sea.

Then footsteps were heard. Then came
Colin: the flowers in his hand. Marietta
became blood red at the sight. Colin
stammered out, "good morning, Marietta,"
but the greeting came not from his
heart, he could hardly bring it over his
lips.

"Why do you wear my ribbon so pub-
licly, Colin?" said Marietta, and placed
the cup upon the rock. "I did not give it
to thee."

"Thou didst not give it to me, dear Ma-
rietta," asked he, and he became deadly
pale with inward rage.

Marietta was ashamed of her falsehood,
drooped her eyelids, and said after a
while, "Well, I did give it to thee, yet
you should not have worn it for a show.
Give it me back again."

Then slowly he unloosed it; his anger
was so great that he could not prevent
the tears filling his eyes, nor the sighs
escaping his breast. "Dear Marietta,
leave thy ribbon with me," said he softly.

"No," answered she.

Then his repressed passion changed
into despair. He looked sighing towards
Heaven, then sadly at Marietta, who si-
lent and abashed, stood by the spring
with cast down eyes.

He turned the violet colored ribbon
around the stalks of the flowers, said
"there, take all together," and threw the
flowers so spitefully against the magnifi-
cent cup upon the rock, that it was
thrown down upon the ground and dashed
to pieces. Maliciously he fled away.

Mother Manon lurking behind the win-
dow, had seen and heard all. But when
the cup was broken, hearing and seeing
left her. She was hardly able to speak
for very horror. And as she pushed with
all her strength against the narrow win-
dow, to shout after the guilty one, she
threw the window down upon the stones
beneath, so that with frightful noise it
struck the earth and was shattered into
pieces.

So much ill luck would have discom-
posed any other woman. But Manon
soon recovered herself. "How lucky,
that I was a witness of his regu-ry!" ex-
claimed she; "he must to the Justice.
He shall replace both cup and window
sash with his gold. It will give a rich

dowry to Marietta." But when Marietta
brought in the fragments of the shattered
cup, when Manon saw the Paradise
lost, the good man Adam without a head,
and of Eve not a solitary limb remaining,
the Serpent unhurt, triumphing, the tiger
safe, but the little lamb gone even to the
very tail, as if the tiger had swallowed
it, then mother Manon screaming, broke
forth into curses against Colin, and said
"one can easily see that this fall came
from the hand of the Devil."

THE TRIBUNAL.

And she took the cup in one hand,
Marietta in the other, and went about nine
o'clock to Herr Hautmartin where he
was wont to sit in judgment. Then made
she her complaint with loud cries, and
showed the broken cup and the Paradise
lost. Marietta wept bitterly.

The Justice when he saw the broken
cup and the beautiful bride in tears, flew
into so violent a rage towards Colin, that
his nose was as violet colored as Ma-
rietta's celebrated hat band. He immedi-
ately despatched his bailiffs to bring the
criminal before him.

Colin came overwhelmed with grief.
Mother Manon now repeated her com-
plaint with great eloquence, before justice,
bailiffs and scribes. But Colin listened
not. He stepped to Marietta and whis-
pered to her "forgive me, dear Marietta,
as I forgive thee. I broke your cup un-
intentionally; but thou, thou hast broken
my heart."

"What whispering is that?" cried out
with majestic authority, Herr Haut-
martin. "Hearken to your accusation,
and defend yourself."

"I have sought to defend. I broke
the cup against my will," said Colin.

"That I verily believe," said Marietta
sobbing; "I am as guilty as he; for I
offended and angered him. Then he
threw the flowers to me incautiously.
He could not help it."

"Eh, pray look at me!" cried mother
Manon, "will the maiden be his defend-
er? Herr Justice, pronounce the sen-
tence. He has broken the cup, that he
denies not; and I, on his account, the
window—will he deny it? Let us see."

"Since you cannot deny it, Herr Col-
in," said the Justice, "you must pay 300
livres for the cup, for it is worth that;
and then for—"

"No," interrupted Colin, "it is not
worth so much. I thought it at Venice
at the Fair, for Marietta, for 100 livres."

"You bought it, Sir brazen face!"
shrieked the Justice, and his whole face
became like Marietta's hat band. Yet
he could or would not say more, for he
dreaded disagreeable investigations of the
matter.

But Colin was excited by the reproof,
and said, "I sent this cup on the evening
of the Fair, by your own servant, to Ma-
rietta. There stands Jacques in the
door. He is a witness. Speak Jacques,
did I not give thee the box to carry to
the Frau Manon?"

Herr Hautmartin wished to interrupt
this conversation by speaking loudly.
But the simple Jacques said, "only recol-
lect Herr Justice, you took from me Col-
in's box, and carried with me in it to
Frau Manon. The box lies even now,
there under the papers."

Then the bailiffs were ordered to re-
move the simpleton; and also Colin was
thrust out, until he should be called in
again.

"Very well, Herr Justice," interposed
Colin, but this business shall be your last
in Napoule. I know much more than
this, that you would ingratiate yourself
with Frau Manon and Marietta, by means
of my property. When you seek me,
you will do well to ride to Grasse to the
Governor's." With that, Colin de-
parted.

Herr Hautmartin was much puzzled
with this result, and in his confusion,
knew not what he did. Frau Manon
shook her head. The affair was dark
and mysterious to her. "Who will now
pay me for the broken cup?" she asked.
"To me," said Marietta, with glowing
clear up countenance, "to me it is al-
ready paid for."

WONDERFUL DISPENSATIONS.

Colin rode that same day to Grasse to
the Governor, and came back early the
next morning. But Herr Hautmartin only
laughed at him, and removed all Frau
Manon's suspicions, and swore he would
let his nose be cut off, if Colin should not
pay 300 livres for the broken cup. He
also went with Frau Manon to Father
Jerome on the subject of the marriage,
and impressed upon him, that he should
earnestly set before Marietta her duty,
as an obedient daughter, not to oppose the
will of her mother and her marriage.
This the pious old man promised, although
he understood not the half of what they
shouted in his ear.

But Marietta took the broken cup into

her bed chamber, and now first truly lov-
ed it; and it was, as if Paradise were
planted in her bosom, since it had been
destroyed on the cup.

When now Monday morning came,
mother Manon said to her daughter,
"dress yourself handsomely, and carry
this myrtle wreath to Father Jerome; he
wants it for a bride." Marietta dressed
herself in her Sunday clothes, took with-
out suspicion the myrtle wreath, and car-
ried it to Father Jerome.

On the way, Colin met her, and greeted
her friendly though timidly; and when
she told him where she carried the
wreath, Colin said, "I am going the same
way, for I am taking to the Priest the
money for the Church's tithes." And
as they went on, silently he took her
hand, and both trembled as if they de-
signed some great crime against each
other.

"Hast thou forgiven me?" whispered
Colin anxiously. "Ah! Marietta, what
have I done to thee, that thou art so cruel
towards me?"

But she could only say, "only be quiet
Colin, you shall have the ribbon again;
and I will preserve the cup, since it came
from you."

"Ah! Marietta, can you doubt it?
All I have I would gladly give you. With
thou hereafter be as kind to me as thou
art to others?"

She replied not. But as she entered
the parsonage, she looked aside at him,
and when she saw his fine eyes filled
with tears, she whispered softly, "dear
Colin!" Then he bent down and kissed
her hand. With this, the door of a
chamber opened, and Father Jerome with
venerable aspect, stood before them.
The young couple had nearly fallen from
giddiness, for they held fast by each
other. I know not whether from the
effect of the hand kissing, or the awe they
felt for the sage.

Then Marietta handed him the myrtle
wreath. He laid it upon her head and
said "Little children, love one another!"
and then urged the good maiden in the
most touching and pathetic manner, to
love Colin. For the old gentleman had
from his hardness of hearing, either mis-
taken the name of the bridegroom, or
through defect of memory, forgotten it,
and thought Colin must be the bride-
groom.

Then Marietta's heart softened under
the exhortation of the venerable Father;
and with tears and sighs she exclaimed,
"Ah! I have loved him for a long time,
but he hates me."

"I hate thee, Marietta!" cried Colin,
"my soul lives only in thee, since you
came to Napoule. Oh! Marietta, how
could I then hope and believe that thou
lovest me! Does not all Napoule wor-
ship thee?"

"Why then dost thou avoid me Colin,
and prefer all my companions before me?"

"Oh! Marietta, I fell into fear and
trembling with love and anxiety when I
beheld thee. I had not the courage to
approach thee; and when I was away
from thee, I was wretched."

As they talked thus together, the good
Father thought they were quarreling;
and he threw his arms around them,
brought them together, and said implor-
ingly, "Little children, little children,
love one another."

Then sank Marietta on Colin's breast,
and Colin threw his arms around her,
and both faces beamed in beautiful radi-
ance. They forgot the priest, the whole
world. Colin's lips hung upon Marietta's
sweet mouth. It was indeed only a
kiss, but a kiss of sweetest annihilation.
Each was lost in the other. Both had so
completely lost their recollection, that
unwittingly, they followed the delightful
Father Jerome into the church and before
the altar.

"Marietta!" sighed he.

"Colin!" sighed she.

In the church there were many wor-
shippers praying; but with astonishment
they were witnesses of Colin's and Ma-
rietta's marriage. Many ran out before
the close of the ceremony, to spread the
news right and left through Napoule:
"Colin and Marietta are married!"

When the solemnization was over,
Father Jerome rejoiced honestly, that he
had succeeded so well; and that such
little opposition had been made by the
parties. He led them into the parsonage.

END OF THIS MEMORABLE HISTORY.

Then came mother Manon, breathless;
she had waited at home a long time for
the coming of the bridegroom. He had
not arrived. At the last stroke of the
clock, curiosity had overmastered her;
and she had taken the road to Herr Haut-
martin's. But then new astonishment
came upon her. She learned that the
Governor, together with the officers of
the Viguerie, had appeared, had taken
possession of the accounts, chests and

papers of the Justice; and at the same
time arrested Herr Hautmartin.

"This surely is the work of that wick-
ed Colin," was her thought. Now she
hurried to the parsonage, in order to ap-
ologize to Father Jerome, for the delay of
the marriage. Then the good gray-head-
ed old man advanced towards her proud
of his work, leading by the hand the
new married pair.

Now in good earnest mother Manon
lost both thought and speech, when she
learned what had happened. But Colin
had more thought and power of speech,
than even in his whole life. He began
with his love and the broken cup, and
the falsehood of the Justice, and how he
had unmasked this unjust magistrate at
Grasse in the Viguerie. Then he be-
sought mother Manon's blessing, since it
was done, without any fault on the part
of Marietta or himself.

Father Jerome, who for a long while
could not make out what had happened,
when he learned the full explanation of
the marriage, through mistake, piously
folded his hands and exclaimed with up-
lifted eyes, "Wonderful are the dispensa-
tions of Providence." Colin and Ma-
rietta kissed his hands; mother Manon
through sheer veneration of Heaven, gave
the young couple her blessing, but re-
marked incidentally, that her head seemed
turned round.

"But am I then really a wife?" asked
Marietta, "and really Colin's wife?"

Mother Manon nodded her head, and
Marietta hung upon Colin's arm. Thus
they went to Colin's farm, to his dwell-
ing house, through the garden.

"Look at the flowers, Marietta," said
Colin, "how carefully I cultivated them
for your cup?"

Colin who had not expected so pleas-
ant an event, now prepared a wedding
feast on the spur of the occasion. Two
days was it continued. All Napoule was
feasted. Who shall describe Colin's rap-
ture and extravagance? Frau Manon
herself was pleased with her son-in-law,
as she came to know the full extent of
his property, and especially when she
found that Herr Hautmartin and his nose
had been taken as a prisoner to Grasse.

And the broken cup is preserved in the
family, even to the present day, as a me-
morial and relic.

The Evening of Life.

Amid life's varied streams, and sources
of transport and pain, often mingled and
often alternating, we learn at least, to
prefer those milder and more certain or
enduring pleasures which calmly soothe
us, to the bustle, the labor and excite-
ment, that engage and animate our youth
and mature strength. Agitation and emo-
tion at length lose their charm—they
disturb more than they animate us. As
age advances to its sober evening, we
perceive and appreciate the value of con-
scious life without pain; or sedate tran-
quility; of repose, yet not inactive
thought; of sensibility without perturba-
tion; of patient hope; of resting nobility;
of sensations that please but do not
agitate; of intellectual rumination; and
of those solemn aspirations of sacred fore-
sight, of prospective gratitude, and of
humble reliance on the great mediatorial
Benefactor, which close our mortal days
with true dignity, and make even disso-
lution an inestimable blessing.—Sharon
Turner.

A fictitious gentleman travelling in the
interior of the state on arriving at his lodg-
ing place in the evening, was met by the
porter, whom he thus addressed:—"Boy,
extricate that quadruped from the vehicle,
substitute him, donate him an adequate sup-
ply of nutritious aliment, and when the
aurora of morn shall again illumine the
oriental horizon, I will award you a pecu-
niary compensation for your amiable hos-
pitality." The boy, not understanding a
word, ran into the house, saying, "Mau-
ser, here's a Dutchman wants to see
you."

The Sagacious Quack.—"I suppose,"
said a quack while feeling the pulse of
his patient, "that you think me a fool."—"Sir,"
replied the sick man, "I perceive
you can discover a man's thoughts by
his pulse."

Rather Foolish.—Two young ladies
hating each other on account of a gentle-
man who does not care a fig for either of
them.

If the spring put forth no blossoms, in
summer there will be no beauty, and in
autumn no fruit. So, if youth be trifled
away without improvement, manhood
will be contemptible, and old age mis-
erable.

Dr. Franklin says that "seven hours
sleep is enough for a scholar, eight for a
laborer, and nine for a hog."